

















## At the Devil's Whirlpool

By CHARLES SLOAN REID

(Copyright.)

THE top of Bald Cliff stood revealed in the moonlight; and outlined there were two figures near the edge of the rock. From the base of the cliff, far below, came the sound of rushing waters. The Devil's Whirlpool, a miniature Niagara, lay below, the depths of whose swirl no one knew.

"Jane, don't put me off no longer, honey," Mat Granger was holding the girl's hands with his eager lips but a few inches from hers.

"But, Mat, you don't know—no, you don't know!"

"But I do know, Jane. Ain't the old man ever give in yet?"

"No, Mat, ain't the old man ever give in yet?"

"Lord, honey, ain't you gold?" to let them stand awhile as forever? We can run away and get married; and when we come back, the old man can't say nothing!"

A distinct shudder passed through the girl's frame. "That's just it, Mat—Paw says if I run away with you, he'll follow you down and shoot you, shore!"

Mat laughed. "Paw risk that?"

"No, no, no; you don't know Paw. It's all on account of yore Paw shootin' his brother 'bout them hogst twenty year ago. Of course it was self-defense, an' Paw knows it; but some how he can't get it out'n his system."

"Jane?" Mat's words came in short, quick breaths; "if you won't run away with me, I'll steal you, honey. If I can't have you, I'd just as soon be dead. So what's the difference?"

Back in the cabin, fifty yards away, old Slocum woke from a muddling sleep, with hiccoughs. "Hic—hic—I reckon I got to get up an' drink about a bucketful of water," he decided.

From a corner he took down a gourd in a tin in the wall, and dipped a bowl of it into a bucket which stood on a shelf there. At length he turned toward the bed, his hiccoughs quieted. Passing the open door of a bed room, he glanced at a bed near an opposite window, upon which the moonlight now fell. Quickly turning he called.

"What's the matter now, Paw?" came from the bed he lately had left.

"What's Jane?"

"Lord, I don't know; of she ain't in bed."

"Well, she ain't, nuther."

"That's funny."

"Taint funny, nuther, ef'n she's run off with that scamp, Mat Granger. May she ain't got for."

Slocum hurried to the front door of the cabin. He had thought of the girl. He had thought of the wife he had courted his own wife in her girlhood, and remembered, creeping through the bushes he approached the rock in a roundabout way, and soon came up just in the rear of it.

His teeth went together with a snap when he recognized Mat and Jane. They were standing some distance apart. Mat quite near the edge of the rock. Slocum's blood boiled as old Slocum found Jane in his thoughts.

Mat Granger's back. Maybe he could be quick enough to accomplish what he had resolved upon before he could give warning. Crouching, he planted his left foot behind him to get in the first spring. A slight tremor from his outstretched hands told him the young mountaineer was on the edge of the rock and into the whirlpool below.

Presently there was the sound of a body shooting forward through the trees of the scrubbery. Jane screamed.

Mat quickly jerked his head about, catching the nature of the onslaught at stepped aside just in time to escape the catapulting form of Slocum.

Slocum's momentum was such that he did not stop. In an instant he had at head foremost, over the edge of the cliff. Jane clapped her hands to her eyes, and sank to the rock.

"For God's sake, a little help here, Jane!" The words came from Mat in the gasps.

Jane sprang to her feet. As Slocum's body had shot past Mat's hands, she had swept outward—just in time to seize one foot of the big mountaineer as his body disappeared over the brink of the precipice. Slocum hung suspended down the face of the rock, while Mat, lying flat upon the cliff, was clinging to that one foot.

"Get a long stick back there, Jane. Let your dad get hold of it, while he's down like I be."

Jane obeyed.

"Now, Slocum," Mat directed, "you grab that stick; an' don't you do it no jerkin' nuther."

It was hard work and required time; but in the end Slocum lay panting on the edge of the rock, while Mat and Jane sat over him. It was some minutes before the old man had recovered from his thrust in hand toward Mat, and he grasped it warmly.

"You can have 'er, Mat! I been jest jestin' you, not to know a man when I see'd one." Taking Jane by the hand, he thrust her into the arms of Mat.

"What you say now, Jane?" Mat asked her close to his breast.

"I'll be any time you say, Mat," she buried her face against his neck.

## Famous Santa Fe Trail

### Linked With Coronado

It was in 1541 that Coronado followed the future line of the Santa Fe trail, probably as far as the site of Wichita, and that date, though the suggestion as to earlier years fails to response, deserves some sort of commemoration. The Santa Fe trail or portions of it, must have known the sweep of more than one ancient migration before Coronado's day—perhaps descending from the North, perhaps coming up out of the crowded old civilizations of the South—but its known history began with Coronado.

And what a history it was through more than 300 years! It was the first of the great benten tracks which joined the American East and West. It never approached in popularity those later northern routes that went from the Mississippi to Oregon and California, nor was its traffic notable for the riches carried. But where the other trails went into an almost virgin territory, the Santa Fe trail linked two opposing civilizations.

West and south along its course, following the pioneers, the traders and the buffalo hunters, went that tide from the Middle West which battled and finally supplanted and transplanted traditions and life of far-off Spain.

—Boston Herald.

## Conventional Idea of

### Lightning Found Wrong

At a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1856 the Scottish engineer, James Nasmyth, son of a landscape painter, stated that "in no instance among the many thunderstorms whose progress he had most attentively watched had he ever observed such forms of lightning as that usually represented in works of art; in all such the artists invariably adopt a conventional form, namely, that of a zigzag combination of straight lines."

Nasmyth believed the error of the artists originated in the form given to the thunderbolt in the hand of Zeus as sculptured by the ancient Greeks.

Some decades after these remarks were uttered the photograph of lightning began to be common, and the photographs all showed that he was right in believing that lightning is never truly zigzag. Its path generally includes many sinuous curves, and it often branches, but a sharp angle is very rarely seen in a photograph, and it is then doubtless an effect of perspective.—Charles F. Talman in "Why the Weather."

## Mirror Superstition

It is within the experience of almost every one to encounter bad luck within seven years, whether or not one breaks a mirror, spills salt or walks under a ladder. Such beliefs are pure superstition. Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities says about the matter: "Mirrors were used by magicians in their diabolical experiments, and in ancient times was practiced a kind of divination by the looking-glass; whence, it should seem, has been derived the present popular notion, according to which the breaking of a looking-glass is accounted a most unlucky accident, being ominous of the loss of his best friend by the person to whom it belongs. Grose gives it as a betokening death in the family circle, commonly of the mother."

## Size of Canada

Canada is Britain's largest overseas dominion; bounded by three oceans. Coastal distance (per Canada Year Book): Pacific coast line, 7,150 miles; Hudson bay coastline mainland, 6,000 miles; Atlantic coast line, 5,000 miles—total, 18,150 miles. Canada's greatest width in due east and west direction approximately 3,550 miles; greatest distance between southerly and known northerly land extremities, approximately 2,570 miles. Canada-United States boundary, 3,955 miles long; 1,757 by land, 2,197 through water. Canada is larger in area than the United States, with Alaska, by 32,012,000 acres.

## Ornate Royal Tombs

Every Persian ruler, like all the great rulers of all the lands, of all time, took great care to see that his body would be preserved and protected after death; and much money was spent in the erection of tombs and the carving of caves to receive these royal remains. Many of them can be seen today not far from the ancient city of Persepolis, near the Persian gulf. Some of these tombs were built of huge blocks of stone, but many others were carved out of the solid rock and their entrances then mortared up with stone.

## Sturgeon Eggs for Tractors

The Volga river of Russia furnishes sturgeon from which eggs are taken. These eggs find a ready market throughout the world and are traded for tractors, electrical machinery and cotton goods. A third of the weight of the female sturgeon is sometimes accounted for by the roe and when it is cured and marketed it is caviar, a highly priced and delicate food. We import 300 tons from Russia which comes to over \$600,000 annually.

## Songs Quickly Forgotten

E. C. Mills of the National Broadcasting company says the modern popular tune has a life span of 90 days. It is this situation which has given rise to such new methods of distribution as selling phonograph records at the newsstands.

## Old Quaker Relic

Newport, M. L. claims the first ever meeting house built in America. It stands on Marlborough street. The oldest part of the building dates from 1690.

## WEST PARIS FRUIT

### SURVEY STARTED

Fruit growers from the towns of Paris, Sumner, Woodstock, and Greenwood initiated a marketing survey, the first in the state, Wednesday evening, at the Community Hall, West Paris. Three members of the recently formed Fruit Contact Committee attended, W. J. Bicker of Turner, Irving Andrews of South Paris and Fred Sturtevant of Augusta.

Speaking of the real need of better marketing methods and facilities, Mr. Bicker stressed the necessity of a fact finding survey as the first step.

Orchardists familiar with the situation note this development as the outgrowth of their meeting last spring at Farm and Home Week, Orono, when C. S. Wilson, member of the Federal Farm Board, explained to them how they could cooperate to secure the benefits of the Agricultural Marketing Act. A "Contact Committee" was then formed to represent the growers, consisting of:

W. H. Bicker, Turner, Chairman  
W. H. Conant, Buckfield  
Irving Andrews, South Paris  
Ernest Saunders, Lewiston  
Arthur Thompson, New Gloucester  
F. N. Hobbs, Orono  
Walter Dolley, Limerick  
C. C. Clements, Winterport  
Neil Stanley, Pittsfield  
H. W. Peck, Winthrop  
H. P. Sweetser, Cumberland Center  
H. J. Mosher, Farmington  
Fred Sturtevant, Augusta  
A. R. Gardner, Orono, Secretary

The committee arranged for a meeting of fruit growers, held at Highmoor, June 11. About 150 growers from all over the state met and discussed the question of cooperative apple marketing in Maine. Among the speakers were Ralph Rees, Fruit and Vegetable Representative of the Farm Board in the Northeastern States; Commissioner of Agriculture Frank P. Washburn, and A. L. Downing, Assistant Director of the Extension Service, Orono.

The decision finally reached was that a careful and painstaking survey of apple marketing conditions in Maine should precede any attempt to form cooperative associations. The discussion brought out that the production of certain varieties, notably the McIntosh, was well adapted to Maine and that this variety could compete favorably with quality fruit from other commercial areas; but that growers in other areas were increasing the quantity and quality of their production and that some concerted action on the part of Maine growers was necessary to preserve and expand their own market outlets.

Mr. Rees listed the benefits to growers from cooperative packing and marketing, as: Furnishes adequate packing facilities to put out a pack to meet requirements by law; standardizes and unifies the pack; relieves the growers of the worry and labor of packing; gives the small grower the same advantage now enjoyed by all the large and the greater facilities afforded; disposal of cull fruit in earlier shipments, such as cider stock; and, last, it concentrates the volume of fruit of like varieties and grades which will have a greater market value.

The West Paris growers applied for a survey to determine if they had a sufficient volume of the right varieties, number of trees, age of trees, equipment, and other pertinent information. Mr. Bailey, County Agent, and Mr. Atherton, Extension Marketing Specialist, are assisting in making the survey. The results will be published probably next month.

## Roxy's Wrought Iron Gates

A highly individual and daring piece of work in wrought iron is the beautiful pair of gates lately installed in the New York apartment of S. L. Rothafel.

The gates in "Roxy's" Apartment

The gates consist of a symbolic representation of the owner himself, "Roxy," as he is familiarly known to the American public. He is introduced as the genius of personification of music, holding in his hand threads that run out to control minor figures representative of song, instrumental music and the dance as employed in his famed "Cathedral of the Movies."

The treatment of this novel subject matter, however, is characterized by restraint. It embodies such feelings for the possibilities of wrought iron, such respect for the time-honored marks of smithcraft, that it has been greatly praised.—Wrought Iron Record.

## Few Groups of Eskimos

### Snow-House Dwellers

Snow houses are unknown to the Alaskan Eskimos, and in the Mackenzie delta region such dwellings are used only in emergencies.

The snow house has long been and still is the winter habitation of a number of Eskimo groups scattered eastward from Coronation gulf to Greenland. Even in that desolate region the snow house is regularly inhabited only when no other building materials are available. Some of these Eskimo hunters are very adept at constructing houses of snow for the temporary shelter of their families.

The Labrador Eskimos do not live in snow houses, and out of the 12,000 Eskimos in Greenland only a few hundred live in such shelters. Then among these the more usual winter dwelling consists of walls of earth or stone and rafters of stone slabs or the large bones of animals.

It is supposed that the Eskimos are descended from Asiatic aborigines who gradually worked their way into the Far North. Ancient rules found throughout the region where snow houses are still regularly or occasionally used indicate that the house of stone, driftwood and whalebone is older than the igloo or hemispherical house built of blocks of snow laid in spiral courses.

## Peasant Had Definite

### if Peculiar Grievance

One of the most familiar stories of Athenian history is that of Aristides and the peasant, says an article in a Boston paper. The ancient Athenians were just as human as any other people of later times, despite our tendency to regard them as supermen.

Aristides, it will be remembered, was a great and good man whose policy was opposed to that of the brilliant and unscrupulous Themistocles.

The deadlock between the two leaders had to be broken by ostracism, which provided for the temporary banishment of the less popular leader. A peasant accused Aristides and asked him to write the name of Aristides on his ballot. This was a vote for banishment and the leader asked the peasant if Aristides had ever injured him. "No," the man answered, "but I am tired of hearing him called Aristides the Just."

## Viking History

In a little island in the middle of the Irish sea there is held every year on July 3 (representing midsummer day, old style), the promulgation of the Manx laws. The scene of the ceremony is Tynwald hill, in the Isle of Man.

It is a living relic of the important part played in the history of England by the Vikings, who from the close of the Eighth century made plundering excursions to the British Isles, and then settled first in the Hebrides and Shetlands, later in the Orkneys and then gradually in the western isles of Scotland; in Ireland, where they were met by their brethren coming round by the south, and in Man, whence they spread eastward till they joined forces with their kinsfolk in York.

## You Will Want

for these cold days and nights

Some of our New Outing Night Robes—also Silk and Wool Hose.

L. M. STEARNS

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

Watchmaker & Jeweler

Here you will find the Best Selection of DIAMONDS, WATCHES, etc.

Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairing

Watch Inspector for Grand Trunk R. R.

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

Watch Inspector for Grand Trunk R. R.

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

185 Main St. NORWAY, MAINE

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.







## The Handsome Man

by  
MARGARET  
TURNBULL

Illustrations by  
IRWIN MYERS

Copyright by Margaret Turnbull  
W. N. U. Service.

CHAPTER I.—Returning to London, practically penniless, after an unsuccessful business trip to South America, young Sir George Sanderson takes up with his widowed stepmother, his old nurse, "Aggie." He has not approved of her marriage to his father, but she makes an explanation that satisfies him. There is little left of the estate, and Lady Sanderson promises to go to the United States to visit her brother, Robert MacBeth, a wealthy contractor. With no prospects in England, Sir George agrees.

CHAPTER II.—With his young daughter, Roberta, MacBeth is living on his estate, an island. The girl is a victim of arthritis and almost physically helpless. Leaving her father after an interchange of words, Roberta meets Lady Sanderson and Sir George, and assumes they are the new cook and butler, who had been expected. She directs them to the house, realizing with some surprise that the man is the landowner she has seen.

CHAPTER III.—MacBeth had been apprised of his sister's coming, or of her marriage, but he is glad to see her and invites the two to stay. Roberta is keeping a "date" with a young man, "Jack" Navarro, about whom she knows little, though she thinks she is in love with him. MacBeth arranges that Lady Sanderson take charge of the household, at a salary, and Sir George act as his secretary. Roberta is told of the arrangement and is not cordial.

CHAPTER IV.—Roberta tells her father she is "not interested" in Sir George, while the young man takes an attitude of complete indifference to her antagonism. An anonymous letter informs MacBeth of his daughter's meeting with Navarro. He makes light of the matter but admits he is worried over the safe conveyance of a play roll for a big vindictive he is building. It is arranged that Roberta drive Sir George to a bank in a nearby village, where he is to be introduced to the manager and next day take the play roll to the workers. Sir George sees Roberta with Navarro and, recognizing him as the adventurer type, is alarmed for the girl's welfare.

CHAPTER V.—In Philadelphia a gathering of "business men" of which Navarro is one, discusses the possibility of stealing the play roll. He has along been Navarro's objective. The matter is left to him. Roberta takes Sir George to the bank and later introduces him to her circle. She arranges for a dinner and dance in his honor, for the following Saturday.

"Roberta," he said impulsively, "do



"Roberta," he said impulsively, "do you know any reason why Sir George should be made a target?"

She shook her head. "I can't understand it at all."

Her father felt the sincerity in her voice. "Well," he admitted, "it's a puzzle."

Sir George strolled back and forth, back and forth, trying to puzzle out whether Roberta had or had not seen the man who fired the shot. His mind continually rejected the thought that the girl, with all her bad manners and temper, could play such a part. And yet? Unable to decide, he finally determined to stop thinking about it. Time would tell. It seemed impossible that Robert MacBeth's daughter could be in league with her father's

silence meant? Sir George was positive, despite her carefully worded answers, that she had seen enough of the man who fired the shot to know or suspect much more than she had cared to tell.

### CHAPTER VII

At Saturday night's dinner and dance, Robert MacBeth, though still a prisoner to the chafed tongue, was enjoying himself tremendously. Lady Sanderson, who was having an unmitigated triumph, looked about her with secret satisfaction. The terrace toward the river was hung with electric lanterns. The best orchestra procurable was playing the latest dance music, and a caterer from the city was in the kitchen.

Sir George, even Roberta admitted it, was a wonderful aid to any party. He had a certain intriguing bashfulness of demeanor that made him popular not only with the girls but

with the set that he danced well, giving himself up to the joy of it in a way Roberta had not expected. He had danced only once with Roberta. He had devoted himself to her guests both young and old who were, it seemed to Roberta, flattered by his attention. Jack was not here, had refused to come, to Roberta's annoyance. She would like to parade him in front of them all, especially her father's secretary.

Robert MacBeth looked with pride at Roberta's lithe, graceful young figure, and her flushed face with its soft halo of red curls, as she danced through the great hall and living room. He heard discriminate praise of her beauty from the older men, and knew from their actions that the younger men thought her lovely.

He beckoned his sister to him and said: "I'll not move from here until they go in to supper and then you can send August to take me to the library. The men can join me there after supper—at least those near my own age. Are you enjoying yourself, Aggie?"

"Just fine."

"The young people seem to be having a good time, too?" There was a question in Robert MacBeth's voice.

"Are they not? Listen to that!" The sound of young voices and vigorous applause came from the hall and living room. "One of the lassies is teaching Sir George some awful-looking dance. The Black Bottom, it's called! Did you ever hear the like, Rob?"

And the rest of them are standing round singing and clapping. It's fair awful! Yet somehow my little makes it look graceful. You like him, do you not, Rob?" She asked it with a little touch of anxiety in her voice.

"Like him?" Rob roared at her. "Aggie, I fair dote on him. If I were only sure he had the brains to stand up against young American business men I'd be tempted to give him a big boost in my business."

"Brains!" She looked at her brother with a withering scorn. "Brains enough to cope with your young Americans? Havers, Rob MacBeth! Did you not bring your own brains from across the water?"

"Calm yourself, Aggie, and go and look after the guests. It must be time to start them in to supper now. I fear for your senses when it's a question of that lad. After all, you are nothing but his stepmother."

Aggie's eyes blazed. "I'm far more than that. I'm the only friend he's got, and him the salt of the earth! Rob MacBeth, have you any idea how lonely that little's been? Scarcely seventeen years old when he was thrown into the war with all his class—just schoolboys. And him the only one of them to come out! Think of that! All of your young men over here have the friends that they made at the school or college, but my poor lad has none. Many a one's ready enough to make friends with him, but it's not the same thing, and there are few left on the other side to push him along. But he'll go back with his head high, without their help or yours."

"Well," Robert MacBeth admitted, "you make a pathetic case out of your young rascal, but as far as I can see from here, he's nothing on his mind but having a royal time, learning a new dance."

"Aye, that's all you see or any other outsider. It takes a woman to know the worth of a man."

"Then maybe you'd better find a woman and sing his praises to her." With a quick look at his sister, and the spirit of mischief gleaming in his eyes—"Why not pick out Roberta?"

"I still have my senses," his sister told him indignantly. "I don't want my nose snuffed off. And you may as well know, Rob, that I don't think Roberta's any thought of the young men hereabouts. The lads here are as fine as any she'll see in a month of Sundays, but they're an old story to your lady daughter. I can see her taking far inferior goods—just because they're new."

"She's too young to judge for herself," began her father.

"My certiest! Rob, try no to make a complete fool of yourself. Be sure she knows what she's after. Every lassie does, though she may not give it a name even to herself. But some are lucky enough to take it when they see it. I'm feared that Roberta's not that sort. She's full of the kind of youthful pride that will let a dash go by, though her mouth's watering for it, just to prove to herself and others that she's no caring—that she can take it or leave it, it's all one."

It was a long speech for Aggie. She drew breath and waited for her brother to show his understanding.

Robert spoke a little impatiently. "I'm obliged to you, Aggie, for your care of my girl, but Roberta has always found her own way out of any tangle and I think we're safe to trust her now. If I find she's really unhappy here I'll take her away but—well, she doesn't look unhappy tonight."

"No," admitted his sister with a little jerk of her firm chin—for what was the use of trying to show a man who could not see? "She does not, but looks as up everything."

As she walked away from him, Rob had to admit to himself that Aggie had brains as well as a prodigious nose and was a fine woman for her age.

Roberta saw her aunt hearing down upon her now, and for one moment she thought she was coming to protest about the dance.

But Lady Sanderson had no such idea. "Roberta," she said, and for all her presence she was a little nervous—she never knew just how Roberta would receive a suggestion—"do you think you could start them toward the supper room after the next dance?"

"All right," she said, and then she turned and looked at her father and

Aggie. Roberta was her gully. She turned to Roger, who had been pursuing her. "Roger, tell the leader that the intermission for supper comes after the next dance."

"Then don't let anybody cut in on us until we get there," said Roger. "I refuse to carry the message myself."

"Oh, I can't promise anything," Roberta told him. "I tell you one thing—the man who takes me over to the musicians and delivers the message has the rest of the dance."

"Done," Sir George's voice said, and lowering over Roger, he gently replaced him as her partner.

Utterly ignoring another youth who tried to cut in, he had Roberta swiftly over by the musicians and gave her message to the leader.

Then Roberta suddenly found herself lifted over the sill of the long open window behind the musicians and out on the terrace.

"What on earth do you do that for?" she asked indignantly. "You don't want to dance with me."

"Not just now," he frankly admitted. "Though later on I'll enjoy it very much, thank you." Then as they went toward the edge of the terrace, he said softly, "I thought you might want to go with me down to the little landing place?"

"Why?"

"I think you'll see why if you go down there. I don't know whether you want your father to see, too."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I believe you," Sir George said simply and heartily. "Though most people wouldn't. I can make myself a little plainer, perhaps, by directing your attention to the canoes as we come toward them. You will notice that one of the canoes is occupied, and that the occupant is smoking a cigarette and waiting rather impatiently. I may be wrong, but I think he's waiting for you."

Roberta shrugged her shoulders. "How can I help it? In as large a party as this there's always likely to be at least one moon-calf."

"This isn't one of the guests," he told her dryly. "Or, if it is it's one who hasn't been at the house yet."

Roberta's face stiffened in the moonlight as she stifled an exclamation and took a hurried step toward the little dock.

He followed her down. As they neared the dock, however, Roberta stopped and hesitated. "I—You must go back now. I'd rather meet him alone."

"Sorry, but I can't do that. Oh, absolutely not!"

Roberta faced him angrily. "I don't have to explain everything I do to

you. You've absolutely nothing to do with me or any of my affairs."

"Absolutely right! But since you are afraid of your father's eye, or you would bring this fellow into your father's house, you will pardon me if I remain on guard. At a sufficient distance, of course."

"You will do nothing of the kind. You will go to the house and join the others. I will come back at the end of this dance."

He shook his head. He was not, if his suspicions were correct, calmly going to look on at an attempt to kidnap MacBeth's daughter.

The girl turned on him about to say something drastic, when he moved so that the lantern light illumined his face. "I say," he called toward the girl figure in the canoe, "are you waiting to see me or Miss MacBeth?"

The cigarette was thrown lastly into the water. There was a faint sound of a paddle, and the canoe began to move.

"Is it you, Jack?" the girl called and hurried from her companions' side down to the water's edge.

"Flash" came from the water in a faint whisper. "What did you say to me?"

"I didn't," the girl protested. "I didn't know you were here until he told me."

"Then go back," the voice hissed. "Tell him anything about me and I'll be last you see of me."

The canoe moved off and slowly the girl retraced her steps to where, just out of hearing, Sir George stood. The cigarette dropped unlighted from his hand in his astonishment. The man was afraid of him. He was some one who knew him. There had been no danger yet for the girl, and that belief had surely been meant for him!

She came up to him and looked at him. For a moment they faced each other without a word. Then without a word she turned and looked at

house. Sir George questioned his step and, side by side, in so mortal an emphy that it held them together as tongue-tied as a pair of lovers, they went up the terrace steps.

Roger Dunham and Ray Browne met Roberta on the terrace, and after a little good-natured argument she finally went away with Ray.

Sir George went to the edge of the terrace and stood looking out toward the river, watching for a dark little spot that would be a canoe. But the follow must have made quick time, for there was no sign of any canoe.

On the mainland a car flashed lights on and went speeding down the river. He had not seen the signal Roberta had given as she turned from the landing, and even if he had seen it he would not have known it meant, "Wait for me."

What would the girl do, Sir George wondered, now that she knew he was aware of this man? What game was she playing that was worth such a stake?

The secretary re-entered the library. "How much did the doctor say you might cut with impunity tonight?" he asked his employer.

Robert MacBeth rolled a sarcastic eye at his secretary. "A cup of soup and some crackers," he said with a grimace. "August is coming presently to make me comfortable and then he'll send a waiter here."

"August can't make you nearly as comfortable as I can," Sir George answered confidently and proceeded to do it. Never, Robert MacBeth admitted, had he been made so comfortable.

"My word, you have gentle hands for a big fellow," he exclaimed, looking up with gratitude at the tall form that bent over him to straighten a pillow.

"Plenty of practice."

Robert MacBeth checked himself when he started to say "Where?" He remembered that this tall, slim young man before him had been through a dreadful novitiate during the great war.

"Why," he asked after a moment, as Sir George moved to ring for the waiter, "why do you so determinedly avoid rich girls? Seriously isn't that what you came here for—to make a rich marriage?"

Sir George drew himself erect and turned quickly and savagely. Then, as though the sight of the other man's helplessness checked his natural resentment, stiffened. "That what you think, too?"

"Isn't it true? Or at least partly true?" Robert MacBeth questioned, taking advantage of his infirmities. "Wouldn't it help you out Sandilshere to order and yourself on your foot?"

The young man's face darkened. "Oh, undoubtedly! But I'm not going to put Sandilshere in order at that price, nor am I sure that it would not take me off my feet."

He paused. "If you will believe me, sir, I would like very much to have it finally understood that I came out here for a job and nothing else. I'd like to put myself on my own feet."

He looked up again. "No matter what dear old Aggie says, that's the truth and," he hesitated, "and I'd be obliged if you would let me return to believe it, and to tell Mr. MacBeth that you do believe it."

"Why, certainly," Roberta said. "MacBeth said I do."

"Because," the young man's face paled, "possibly if she was accurate, this is by you, she might change her attitude."

"Which is?"

"Which is one that I have not been accustomed to," Sir George said simply, "and which is not pleasant for a self-respecting man. If it will help matters out," he continued, "with the same quiet simplicity, you can assure Miss Roberta that if she had the wealth of India's belt around her waist, I wouldn't look the road she walked on, much less want to marry her. Her fate was sealed."

Roberta's father surveyed him with gathering rage. "Set your mind at rest," he declared grimly. "There's no danger of her ever looking your road. I have that from her own lips."

"Good! Then if you will take the trouble to tell her I never dreamed of lifting my eyes to her, or to your speechless, you may make it easier for her to treat me as a harmless young man, her father's obedient secretary and no spy."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Robert MacBeth, and reaching for his hat, he said even more anxiously, "What do you mean to do?"

"That I am not one. Yet Miss MacBeth treats me as though I were continually spying upon her."

"What reason has Roberta to fear that?" he demanded rather nastily again.

"I don't know," declared his secretary, "but I'm guessing himself for having been misled at it. I don't know the reason for her suspicion, only that it is so, and she makes me feel it."

The water entered with the sugar and pressed it on the library table. MacBeth settled himself on the pillows and he picked up his cup upon which the young man was at amusement. "Funny way to spend an hour at a party. I appreciate it, of course, but it makes me wonder."

"There's no cause to wonder." The younger man's tone was so weary-so disillusioned—that it startled MacBeth. "I don't give tongue for parties, sir. Haven't for years. Never really at home, really enjoying myself. That's why I would, rather eat with you, sir. Somehow," he added, "despite the fact that you are older, and my boss, I have always had a feeling that you like me—for myself."

"You are

from one boat, and I'm going to do it day by day, doing nothing, and watching you bring home the bacon."

Sir George stared at him in amazement. "I mean watching you do the work that I ought to do."

"Oh—odd expression that! I thought it meant a little meddling on my part for the household, and I was just a trifle bothered. I never did mind. But of course that's no reason."

To be Continued.

### HANOVER

Mrs. and Mrs. James Dill left Wednesday for Bowdoinham, from there they will go to Bangor to visit their son, J. Archie Dill, and family.

George Saunders is ill with the mumps. Roy Jones was in town Sunday.

The Ladies' Aid is to meet with Mrs. H. E. Dyer Thursday. Dinner will be served at noon.

Oxford Bear Lodge will observe Ladies' Night Friday evening.

Mrs. C. Barker arrived home from Massachusetts Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders and Addison attended the special grange meeting at Newry Corner Saturday night, when State Master Harry Crawford and wife were present. Mr. and Mrs. Saunders were presented with a large cake, with miniature bride and groom on top of it, as it was their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

Chandler Hill, Bethel

Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Peabody and daughter Norma called for Mrs. V. Bean Sunday and all continued on for a trip to Whitefield, N. H.

Sunday guests at Robert Kirk's were Mrs. Annie Bean and D. M. Hill of Portland, Ethel Yeargle and Alfred Hodgkins of Hanover, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Jackman of Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Brown and family.

Mrs. Kirk called on Ethel Yeargle

one day last week. Miss Yeargle is doing the housework for Wesley Bean at his new home in Hanover.

Several hunters are reported in this vicinity but to date the game seems to be among the missing.

Pearley and Parker Raimey are cutting cord wood for Robert Kirk this week.

Ambrose J. Gallant has gone to Auburn for a couple of weeks to do some house painting for Harry Jameson.

Mrs. Wesley Bean returned from the Central Maine General Hospital two weeks ago and is staying at V. Bean's during her convalescence.

Ruth and Wesley Bean are now attending school in Hanover.

Year Bean was a business caller in West Paris Sunday.

Wesley Bean has had his truck chassis made longer and has been hauling lumber and wood for the past few days.

Middle Intervale School

Those receiving 100% in Spelling were Ralph Winslow, Harry Sanborn, Paul Carter, Ada Cotton, Dorothy Brown, George Brown, Hazel Winslow, Helen Stevens, Myra Buck, Arlene Winslow, Lester Balentine, Jeannette Sanborn, Stanley Carter.

The following received 100% in Arithmetic: Ada Cotton, Arlene Winslow, Jeannette Sanborn.

Watch this Space for Dates

Byes Examined, Glasses Furnished

by

E. L. GREENLEAF, Optometrist

over Rowe's Store

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1

## Know What You Buy

Nationally Advertised Goods are sold  
by Bethel Merchants

The purchaser of standard advertised products takes no chances. The quality and price are right. The manufacturer cannot afford to have it otherwise.

## Buy Nationally Advertised Goods in Bethel

- |   |                               |
|---|-------------------------------|
| APOLLO CHOCOLATES                                   | W. E. Bosserman               |
| ATWATER KENT Radios and Tubes,                      | Edw. P. Lyon                  |
| BAY STATE PAINTS and Varnishes,                     | D Grover Brooks               |
| BIRD'S ROOFING, SHINGLES, etc.,                     | D. Grover Brooks              |
| CELOTEX,  | H. I. Bean, Building Material |
| COMMUNITY SILVERWARE,                               | J. P. Butts, Hardware         |
| COMMUNITY and WM. ROGERS PLATE,                     | Edw. P. Lyon                  |
| CONGOLEUM ART SQUARES,                              | D. Grover Brooks              |
| Endicott Johnson Shoes. Better Shoes for Everybody, | M. A. Naimoy                  |
| EXIDE BATTERIES,                                    | Crockett's Garage             |
| RISK and FIRESTONE TIRES,                           | Herriek Bros. Co.             |
| FORD PRODUCTS,                                      | Herriek Bros. Co.             |
| FRIGIDAIRE—Sales and Service,                       | J. P. Butts, Hardware         |
| GOODRICH RUBBERS,                                   | ROWE'S                        |
| GOODRICH TIRES,                                     | Crockett's Garage             |
| GOODYEAR TIRES and TUBES,                           | Central Service Station       |
| LAMSON & HUBBARD Hats and Caps,                     | ROWE'S                        |
| MURPHY'S VARNISHES and Stains,                      | J. P. Butts, Hardware         |
| MYERS PUMPS,  | D. Grover Brooks              |
| NEPONSET WALL BOARD,                                | H. I. BEAN, Building Material |
| OAKLAND-PONTIAC Automobiles,                        | Crockett's Garage             |
| PLASTER BOARD, Bestwall and Gypsum,                 | H. I. Bean, Bldg Material     |
| POWDRPAINT,   | H. I. Bean, Building Material |
| PYREX WARE,   | J. P. BUTTS, Hardware         |
| RADIOLA, Majestic, Stainco, Crosley Radios,         | Crockett's Garage             |
| ROYAL TYPEWRITERS,                                  | The Oxford County Citizen     |
| STANLEY TOOLS,                                      | D. Grover Brooks              |
| STANLEY and Millers Falls Tools,                    | J. P. Butts, Hardware         |
| TOWN AND COUNTRY Sport Togs,                        | ROWE'S                        |
| VICTOR RADIO AND VICTOR RECORDS                     | E. P. LYON                    |
| WALK OVER SHOES,                                    | ROWE'S                        |



